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# THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN

Ḑlōir do Dhia aḡ rna hárduib, aḡur ríodcánn aḡ an dealam deaḡtoil do na dáoinib.

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## CONTENTS.

The Life and Miracles of St. Wenefride, Patroness of Wales	Page. 110
Religious Toleration at Rome—The Pope's Confessor	112
The Succession of the Archbishops of Dublin	112
The Resurrection of the Body	113
Talk of the Road—No. XXXII.	114
Freedom of Religious Inquiry in Spain	115

## CORRESPONDENCE:

The Rules of Church Unity, in reply to John Miller	116
Myths and Miracles—by a Lover of Fair play	117
Christ and His People—by a Catholic	118
The Protestants' Purgatory—by Dan Carthy	118
Farming Operations for October	119

## ST. WENEFRIE'S WELL.

HOLYWELL may be considered at present as the principal town in North Wales. Its population, its wealth, its commerce, and its manufactures entitle it to that station. Its situation is highly propitious for trade. The powerful current of the far-famed fountain of St. Wenefride propels the machinery of several large factories in its short course of about a mile to the sea. The expansion of the Dee is ready at hand, to bear on its bosom the produce of its industry; and its inhabitants are both wealthy and public-spirited. The town is spacious, healthy, and agreeable, pleasantly embosomed in encircling hills. The houses in general are good, and their tenants of the female sex, in many instances, handsome and accomplished. It altogether bears an air of considerable opulence, and has of late been brilliantly lighted with gas. To those who require the use of a cold-bath, few places are more proper; for, besides the excellence of the waters, exceeding good medical assistance, and comfortable accommodations may be found here; and the mind entertained and the body exercised in a variety of beautiful rides and walks. An admirer of the works of art may, at this place, find his taste amply gratified by viewing the numerous works of lead, calamine, copper, brass, and cotton. Its population amounts to 8,000 inhabitants, and the number of houses 2,000.

At the foot of this town is that remarkable spring from which it received its name, and which has excited so much surprise and curiosity.

The spring is the finest in these kingdoms; it never freezes, and scarcely varies in the quantity of water in droughts, nor after the greatest rains. After a violent fall of rain it becomes rather discoloured. It boils up with vast impetuosity out of a rock, and is formed into a beautiful polygon well, covered with a rich arch, supported by pillars. The roof is exquisitely carved in stone. Immediately over the fountain is the legend of St. Wenefride, on a pendant projection, with the arms of England at the bottom: a number of fine ribs secure the arch, whose intersections are coupled with sculpture. It exhibits a remarkable spectacle, and is one of the most wonderful works of nature. The water rises with such force, and in such vast quantities, that, although but a mile from the sea, it instantly forms a river, and constantly supplies several mills and manufactories.

The accommodation for bathers is exceedingly convenient; every person has the immediate benefit of the water as it springs up, and need be under no apprehension of receiving the ill effects of former bathers, as the water which each person bathes in is immediately carried away by its vast impetuosity.

Such is the description given of St. Wenefride's Well, in vol. x. of Mr. Duffy's *Weekly Volume of Catholic Divinity*, entitled, "The Life and Miracles of St. Wenefride, Patroness of Wales," a publication which, we think, deserves some little attention at our hands, and is particularly interesting at the present moment, when his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman has just returned from a

pilgrimage to this surprising spring, in which he is said to have bathed for cure of rheumatism.

We presume his Eminence was attracted thither by the following passages in St. Wenefride's life, which must be very attractive to every true believer in either hagiology or hydropathy:—

"The historians of her life, St. Elerius and Robert of Shrewsbury, concluded, that it would be an undertaking to swell volumes if they registered all wonders done at her shrine and fountain; they thought it sufficient to acquaint the reader, that the blind, lepers, and other diseased persons, were perfectly cured by drinking the water, or bathing themselves in the holy well. This became so famous, that tender mothers made no difficulty of casting their sickly children into the stream, which was a speedy cure. Such as lived at a great distance, and were tormented with agues, or hot burning fevers, caused the water to be brought to them, and drank of it as a certain remedy to relieve them in their maladies. Those in very remote places used to put one of the bloody stones which was taken out of the well into other spring water, and they were cured. It is said that the virgin martyr herself prescribed the first use of this last remedy, who, soon after her second death, appearing to many, who in dangerous distempers devoutly called upon her, she directed them, for their speedy recovery, to apply the water and stones of the well in the aforesaid manner. Such as had swellings or old sores bathed the part affected and they found present relief.

"At this wonderful spring almost daily miracles were wrought, according to a petition St. Wenefride made to God before she left Finbon, that he would vouchsafe to bless corporally, and sanctify spiritually, all those who in future ages should devoutly visit her fountain, and there acknowledge the many benefits with which He had favoured her. Frequent miracles were likewise wrought at her tomb. Multitudes of diseased persons became perfectly cured by praying and kissing the earth where her sacred remains were deposited.

"The holy author of St. Wenefride's life and death was not satisfied with a general relation of miraculous cures: he descends to particulars, that unbelieving posterity might be induced to allow credit to what he had recorded as to daily wonders." p. 25.

That the eminent Cardinal "devoutly visited the fountain," we cannot doubt; and as "almost daily miracles are wrought at this wonderful spring," we can scarcely suppose that his Eminence has not been perfectly cured of his rheumatism, and take for granted that he will, in due time (as in duty bound), acknowledge publicly the "benefits" with which he has been favoured on his visit to Holywell. This may be the more necessary, as we observe some of our unbelieving contemporaries have scoffingly insinuated that his Eminence's sufferings have not been materially alleviated, much less cured, by his devotions at Holywell. Can it be possible that the application failed because the Cardinal did not sincerely believe in the whole of the picturesque history of the life of this eminent saint? If so, he, of course, has only himself to thank, and has no right to blame St. Wenefride for it.

We present our readers with a slight abridgment of Mr. Duffy's reprint, which will give them an outline at least of what all should believe, who would devoutly visit the miraculous fountain with a fair prospect of being partakers of its "benefits":—

"In the seventh age, after man's redemption, flourished many saints of both sexes. I shall only mention those chiefly concerned in this short history. St. Beuno, the glorious instrument of St. Wenefride's second life and sanctity, was born of noble parents in Montgomeryshire, at the fall of the river Rhyw into the Severn, therefore called Aberhyw. His father, Binsi, descended lineally from Cadell, prince of Gleswig, and his mother derived her pedigree from Anna (who was married to the king of Picts), sister to the mighty and renowned king Arthur, who departed happily this life, and was interred at Glasterbury, in the year 542. His grandfather was Saint Gundelcius, and he was near related to several eminent saints; amongst the rest, he was cousin german to Saint Kentigern\*, Bishop of Glasgow, who, forced from Scotland,

founded the bishopric of Saint Asaph, from his disciple of that name, whom he left to govern that church.

"This zealous monk, having finished his monastery at Clynoc Vaws, in Carnarvonshire, found himself powerfully inspired to visit his relations in Flintshire. It is true, he had long before bid adieu to all ties of flesh and blood; but he understood this call as a voice from heaven. A rich and potent lord, in that part of North Wales where now the holy well is, had married the virtuous and noble lady Wenlo, sister to St. Beuno. His name was Thewith—some write him Trebwith; but a manuscript now before me of one of the most learned antiquaries of the last age says his name was Tyvid.

"St. Wenefride, the glory of West Britain, was born in the troublesome reign of king Cadwallawn; and St. Beuno made his visit to his brother-in-law's house, in the reign of king Eluith, the second of that name.

"It was her parent's intention to marry her to some nobleman of the country, and to bestow on her a most plentiful fortune; but her ever blessed Redeemer, in those tender years, was disposing her sweetly for his service. By St. Beuno's frequent discourses, she understood how great, how good, and how glorious the heavenly spouse was; that voluntary virgins are like angels upon earth; that they follow the Lamb wherever he goes—(Apoc. xiv.); that the honours of the world are vain, and its pleasures short lived; so that the very thought of an earthly husband became hateful unto her.

"The implacable enemy of mankind, suspecting that such high beginnings of perfection in tender years might prove a powerful invitation to other noble virgins of despising themselves and the world, employed one of his incarnate emissaries to defeat the design of the Holy Ghost. What hell cannot effect by its own immediate suggestions, it too frequently brings about by the insinuating arguments of lewd mortals. Cradocus, King Alen's son, became sottishly enamoured with the charms of her person, not casting an eye on the beauty of her virtues; so waited for an opportunity to gratify his brutish passion, which thus happened:—One Sunday, Saint Wenefride's parents being gone to church before her, and she for a short space detained at home on a charitable account, soon to follow after; the prince having intelligence, entered the house, under pretence of business with the Lord Thewith. At first, the holy maid, not at all suspecting his insincerity or design, received him very courteously, with an humble apology for her unworthiness to entertain one of his royal birth: "But, if you please," added she, "to repose yourself in a more convenient room till divine service is ended, my father will be at liberty to serve you." To this candid and obliging answer of the bashful virgin, Cradocus, now more than ever inflamed with sinful desires, replied in the greatest disorder, that nothing could be more agreeable than to stay in her company, since it was then solely in her power to make him happy. If she complied with the ardent desires of a passionate lover, she might expect all the happiness his power and quality was capable of bestowing upon her.

"Although the virgin blushed and trembled at the immodesty of this wicked proposal, yet being perfectly present to herself, in the dangerous occasion, and fortified with divine grace and light from heaven, she answered, that there was not the least doubt to be made of enjoying honours, wealth, and worldly happiness, by being espoused to so noble a prince; that she was in great confusion to be so suddenly surprised in such mean attire, not becoming his presence: 'Wherefore, permit me (said she) to enter my chamber adjoining to this, to better my dress.' Cradocus, in the heat of his passion, unwillingly gave ear to the virgin's petition, yet could not refuse a request accompanied with so much modesty and seeming deference to his quality. She no sooner got clear of so impudent a guest, but, slipping out privately by another door, she immediately ran towards the church, sure of meeting with protection there from so villainous an attempt. Meantime, the prince, impatient of so long a delay, and not without some suspicion of what had happened, rushed into the room to which she retired; not finding her there, he pursued her so eagerly that he overtook her on the descent of the hill before she could gain the church. There, with a drawn sword in his hand, and with fury in his face, he threatens to separate her head from her body, unless she quickly consented to his will.

\* Published by James Duffy, 23, Anglesea-street, Dublin, 1845. It was originally printed in 1712, and, as the preface informs us, was translated from the life of St. Wenefride, written in Latin by Robert of Shrewsbury (Robertus Salopensis). It has since appeared in various forms. Mr. Duffy's edition seems to be reprinted verbatim from one printed in London by W. E. Andrews in 1817.

\* Of whom more below.

"St. Wenefride had two sorts of death waiting for an answer—a separation of the soul from the body, or a separation of the soul from God; she did not balance upon the matter, but undauntedly and heroically replied, 'that by her parents' approbation, she was holily espoused to the Son of God; who infinitely exceeds all power and beauty upon earth; that she would be faithful and constant in her pure affections, and rather lose her life than admit any rival. Neither shall you menaces and terrors (said she) draw me from the sweetness of his love, nor so overawe me as to make me recede from executing what I have promised. As it happens sometimes, that despised carnal love turns into rage, so it fared with barbarous Cradocus, who, seeing himself scorned (as he thought), gave such a deadly blow to the virgin's neck that the first stroke severed the head from the body, which, falling upon the descent of the hill, rolled down to the church, where the congregation were kneeling before the altar. As they were terrified with the bloody object of her head, so they were astonished to behold a clear and rapid spring gushing out of that spot of ground her head had first fallen upon; which, to this very day, is visited from all parts by devout pilgrims.\* The place of her martyrdom had, before her death, the name of the Dry Valley, or Barren Bottom, which was changed into the title of Finhon, which, in old Welch, signifies a fountain or well. It was also observed that the stones of the well were tintured, as it were, with blood, to perpetuate the memory of what she had shed for the love of Christ; and in process of time it was taken notice of, that the moss growing round the well had a very fragrant smell! as an emblem of the odour of her angelical virtues (p. 9).

"To close the last act of this inhuman tragedy, and to relate the dreadful stroke of Divine justice on the cruel tyrant, we are to premise, with brevity, that the just grief of the holy virgin's parents is not to be expressed, seeing their dear child so villainously butchered, almost before their eyes. St. Beuno's virtue was also put to the test, to bear with true resignation the loss of so devout a creature. Tears came trickling down his cheeks at the sight of the horrid murder. The afflicted people, with united voices, called upon Heaven for speedy execution against him who had committed that heinous outrage. Indignation accompanied compassion, when they beheld the unrelenting assassin wiping his bloody sword upon the grass, and glorying in the detestable fact, without any fear of God or man. St. Beuno was preparing to offer the unbloody sacrifice of our redemption; but being inspired by Him who declared, 'Revenge to me, and I will repay it' (Deut. xxxii. 35.), he left the altar, and taking the blessed martyr's head in his trembling hands, he mounted the ascent towards Cradocus.

"Being come up to him, he said: 'Thou wicked man! who, without regard to innocence or beauty, has massacred a princely virgin, no less nobly born than thyself. Nor dost thou repent, or seem sorry as thou oughtest to do, for this horrible sacrilege. I here beseech my heavenly Lord, that, for an example to others, he will please to execute his divine judgment against thee, who has murdered his spouse, troubled his people, violated his Sabbath, and besprinkled this holy house with blood, which I consecrated to his service.' As the earth swallowed up rebellious and perverse Corah, so some affirm, that at St. Beuno's last words, Cradocus not only dropped down dead, but also that the earth opened to give passage to the luxurious body to sink towards his monstrous soul, or the master whom he had served, the devil, carried it off; for it is certain, that the carcase of the cruel murderer never after appeared.

"St. Beuno earnestly exhorted the parents and people to turn from lamentations, and to address the Creator of souls, raiser up of dead bodies, that as he commanded back Lazarus to life, rotting in his monument, so to his greater honour and glory, and for the comfort of the sorrowful parents, who had so generously dedicated this darling child to his service, he would graciously vouchsafe to restore her to life. He then joined the sacred head to the pale body, covering both with his cloak; after which he offered up the holy sacrifice of our salvation.

"After mass was ended, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and prayed that she might be restored to life. The pious people, drowned in tears, having, with sighs and moving sobs, answered devoutly, Amen, the virgin arose, as newly awaked from sleep. She wiped her eyes and face to clear away that glorious dust which had settled on her lovely head when it tumbled towards her dear St. Beuno. The decollation of St. Wenefride is celebrated on the 22nd of June (p. 10).

"One particular in this surprising resuscitation is very remarkable, viz.: When her parents and others fixed their eyes upon her neck, they observed a pure white circle, no larger than a small thread, quite round it, denoting the place where the separation had been made, which always after remained. From this, the great veneration

of the people for her changed her name, which was Brewa, into that of Wenefride. Wen, in the old British tongue, signifies white, and other letters were, by an alteration, added to this syllable, to render more agreeable the sound of the new name. In the many apparitions after her second death, when she showed herself to her devout clients, they always took special notice of the aforesaid white circle, which intimated to them the indelible mark of her spouse's affection for suffering that mortal wound so courageously for his sake (p. 11).

"When the ancients of Ephesus had heard St. Paul declare unto them, that they should see no more his face (Acts, xx. 25.), they fell upon his neck, and there was great weeping. In like manner, when St. Wenefride was acquainted by her admired master, that she should not see him any more in this world, a lawful grief seemed to overwhelm her. To comfort her in such deep affliction, St. Beuno took her by the hand, and led her to the crystalline fountain, the place of her martyrdom, where they sat on a store, bearing to this day the name of St. Beuno's stone, and which lieth now in the outward well; 'You see (said he) the monument here of your sufferings. Behold also the stones, as tintured with your blood, which was shed for the glory of your heavenly spouse. Be you therefore attentive, and mindful of what I do foretell you, concerning three special favours, whereby your glorious spouse, Jesus Christ, will hereafter honour yourself, and by your prayers benefit others. The first is, that these bloody spots shall never be washed off from the said stones, but ever remain as triumphant signs of your blood spilt in defence of your chastity. The second is, that any person who shall devoutly ask temporal blessings, or freedom from spiritual or corporal distresses, to be obtained by your merits and intercession, the same shall compass his request, if it be to the honour and glory of God, by paying their devotion three times at this well. If what he petitions for be not for the advantage of his soul, and therefore is not granted, at his death, by your prayers he shall reap more ample fruit, and in the next world everlasting blessings. The third, that after my departure into a more remote part of this island God will give me a cell near upon the sea shore; so that whenever you send any letters or tokens to me, as I entreat you to do at least once every year, only cast them into the stream of this fountain, and they will come safe unto me. Which wonders will be gloriously divulged of you to the end of the world.'

"St. Wenefride had a most grateful soul; she honoured St. Beuno as an eminent servant of God; she loved him as a father; she respected him as a master; and could never sufficiently acknowledge her duty to her greatest benefactor, after him who had made her.

"To make some small return, she sent him every year a token, after the manner he had prescribed. In the beginning of May, almost a year after his departure, with the help of her religious sisters, she finished a curious embroidered vestment; and wrapping the same in a woollen cloth, she went down with her religious and others to the well side, and casting the bundle into the water, she said, 'Holy father, according to your command and my promise, I send unto you this small token of my love.' To the great astonishment of numerous beholders, it passed down the stream into the river, then into the sea, and it landed near the monastery where St. Beuno then dwelt, many miles distant from the holy fountain.

"The holy man was then walking on the sea shore, and wondered what that bundle should be; but on opening it he remembered the charge he had given to St. Wenefride, and that, as he had foretold, it came miraculously to him, without the least sign of wet or moisture. This vestment he preserved with great care in the church, for the celebration of holy mass.

"The virgin never intermitted to send him a yearly present, till his most happy death was revealed unto her, and the glorious reward he was crowned with in heaven. This last passage may appear to incredulous persons the most surprising of all others in the history of St. Wenefride's life, therefore, Divine Providence thought fit to authenticate the memory of it to this very day, and after this manner: in Carnarvonshire, eight miles distant from the town of Carnarvon, there is a little creek where the sea runs up, called in Welsh, Porthy Casseg (corruptedly, as I could instance in other appellations), for Porthy Cassuel, or the Port of the Vestment. Here the first present of our Saint miraculously landed; and the place retains the name to this day. Near unto this inlet there stands a large parish church, called Clynog, in which St. Beuno was buried, his last founded monastery being there. His tomb is yet extant, and is held in great veneration by the inhabitants. The history of St. Wenefride's life was curiously represented in the glass windows of Clynog church; but has been so defaced that little now appears. What can be more persuasive to obtain credit to this miracle than so ancient and so certain a tradition, even to those who use their utmost efforts to destroy the memory of miracles? The Port of the Vestment solves

the objection from the year 660 to this of 1838. As apostolical tradition is the unwritten word of God, and by it we receive the scriptures, and the secret interpretations and true sense of them, as what regards infant baptism, &c., let it be lawful for me to say, that as to human faith, uninterrupted tradition from father to son for so many centuries is a clearer attestation of fact than if it had been recorded in written history" (p. 17).

Who can doubt the truth of such persuasive arguments? Can it be possible that fathers could be so wicked as to deceive their children? Did they who saw St. Wenefride's head rolling down the hill, and afterwards saw it joined to her shoulders again, and listened to her admonitions for years afterwards, know the truth of what they saw? Would they not speak truth to their children? How, then, could there be any clearer attestation of fact?—especially where so many similar wonders are equally well authenticated. One would really think that there had been something strange or uncommon in people being able to live after their heads were cut off, whereas nothing was, in fact, more common in the good old times (unless certain tradition is to be set at nought by modern scepticism) than people living, and moving, and talking after their heads were cut off!! That our well-disposed readers may not suppose that we are speaking without book in such a matter, we would crave their serious attention to a few examples, taken from works of the gravest authority and antiquity, and which, we are certain, are quite as well founded as that of St. Wenefride.

The first instance we shall give is that of *St. Mazentia*, whose life, as given by the learned Augustine, John Capgrave, appears to have been nearly a counterpart of that of St. Wenefride. She consecrated herself to a life of celibacy, and was cruelly beheaded by a disappointed lover, in a fit of rage at his rejection. "No sooner," says Capgrave, "had this servant of Satan retired, than the body of the sacred virgin (as is related by the faithful, who received it from their fathers by a truthful narrative), arising from the ground, took her own head in her hands, and carried it with drooping arms from the place of her martyrdom to that in which she now rests by the will of God."\*

The same venerable writer tells us (fol. 259, 2) of *St. Paternus*, that on one occasion his servant, who was wandering in the woods of the monastery, fell among robbers, and was killed and beheaded by them. St. Paternus, having heard of it, went into the wood, and called his servant by his proper name, saying, "Answer to your master." Then the head, which had been torn from the body, answered, "Here I am, Sir." Guided by the voice, the Saint arrived at the place from which it came; and seeing the servant's head cut off from the body, raised his eyes to heaven and blessed the corpse; whereupon the head suddenly becoming joined to the body, rose up alive.†

The story goes on to say how a noble lord of that province, whose servants the robbers were, came and begged pardon of the Saint, and granted him a part of his lands in compensation for their misconduct—a not uncommon result, we opine, of saintly miracles in those ages.

Our next example we shall take from a more recent writer, Father Cressy, of the holy order of St. Benedict, who wrote an elaborate Church History of Britain, published in a large folio volume in 1668. (Permissu superiorum et approbatione Doctorum). He narrates of *St. Edmund* as follows:—

"After the Danes had cut off the head of this holy martyr (King Edmund), their rage and malicious fury did not cease, but casting out his body spitefully, they kept the head to revenge themselves yet further on the tongue which had so constantly sounded forth the name of Christ. And after they had used all manner of contemptuous scorn upon it, they cast it into a secret place in a thicket of the wood adjoining, lest the Christians should venerate it, and decently bury it with the body. There it remained a whole year's space: after which the pagans retiring out of the country, the first care of the Christians was to honour their holy king and martyr. Assembling themselves, therefore, together out of their lurking places, they devoutly took his body out of the

pendous event!" The Right Rev. Dr. Goss, coadjutor of Bishop Brown, of Liverpool, attended the ceremony, and delivered a discourse on the occasion: we hope he did not forget to render due homage to Made-moiselle Constance Lameriere, whose history we lately published from the "La Salette devant le Pape" of the Abbé Deléon.—See CATHOLIC LAYMAN, Vol. IV., pp. 61-76.

\* "Recedente autem ministro Satane corpus sacræ virginis (prout a fidelibus qui hoc a suis patribus relatu fidei acceperunt) a terra surgens caput prorsus in manibus sumpsit et a loco martirii ad eum in quo nunc dei voluntate quiescit pendulis brachiis deportavit."

Legenda Angliæ Johannis Capgrave, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1516—fol. 228-1.

† John Capgrave died in 1484, and was no obscure writer, but a learned Doctor of Theology at Oxford, the Provincial of the order of the Augustines, and the most learned Augustine who was ever in England. "A man (says Pitsens) of such excellent parts, that he had scarce any equal, none superior in England in his time."—Johannes Pitsens de illustribus Angliæ Scripturibus.—Paris, 1619—p. 671.

\* "Quodam enim tempore Sancto Paterno adhuc superstitum dum quidam ejus minister monasterii silvas visitaret, incidens in latrones occisus est. Quo audito Paternus silvam adiit, et ministrum proprio nomine vocavit edens, Respondeas magistro tuo. Tunc caput a cadavere revulsim respondit. Hic adsum domine. Cum qua voce pervenit. Episcopus ad locum responsionis et videns caput ministri a corpore sectum elevatis in celum oculis cadaver benedixit et capite subito corpori conjuncto vivens surrexit."—Capgrave, fol. 259-2. De Sancto Paterno.

\* There is a similar story related of a French saint. Perhaps the one story is a mere echo of the other; though which was the original we cannot pretend to determine. "A holy woman, named Reine, suffered martyrdom about Alise, a little village near Flavigny. When she was beheaded, at the very place where the head lighted on the ground, a spring bubbled up at that very instant, for a perpetual miracle, in witness of God's approbation of the confession of faith made by his handmaid." This spring is also remarkable for its healing qualities. The monks of St. Francis have a chapel beside it, as St. Wenefride had for ages at her holy well. (Frauds of Romish Monks and Priests, vol. I., p. 4).

\* A gentleman at Preston, we learn from the *Tablet* of 25th August last, has just opened a chapel in Frenchwood-street, under the title of "Our Lady of Salette," the window over the altar in which is fitted with stained glass representing the apparition of Our Lady to the two children, Melanie and Maxime, on the mountain of La Salette, in honour of which the chapel was founded. What a persuasive proof this window will be, 500 years hence, of the "stu-

unclean place where it had been cast, and then with all diligence sought for the head. And whilst every one of them with equal affection searched each corner of the wood, there happened a wonder not heard of in any age before.\* For whilst they dispersed themselves in all parts, and each one demanded of his companions, where it was that the Danes had cast the head, the same head answered them aloud in their own tongue "here, here, here!" Neither did it cease to cry out in the same words, till it had brought them to the place. And to add to the wonder, there they found a mighty and fierce wolf, which, with its fore-feet held the head, as if appointed to watch and defend it from other beasts; when they were come, the wolf quietly resigned it to them. So, with joyful hymns to God, they carried and joined it to the body; the wolf in the meantime following them to the place where they buried it; after which the beast returned into the wood, in all which time neither did the wolf hurt any one, neither did any one show the least intention to hurt the wolf. This I find received and attested by all the ancient authors, without exception, particularly by William of Malmesbury who holds the prime place amongst all our most ancient historians, both for the fidelity of his narrative, and maturity of his judgment.†

The same story may be found in Capgrave, of which we give an extract in the original Latin, in the note;—

After this we need not feel any surprise at St. Justinian the Martyr, whose death (as the same faithful historian tells us) was succeeded by wonderful miracles. We think it best to give the narrative in his own words:—

"When the Devil saw himself every way vanquished by the holy man, he infused the poison of his malice into the hearts of the holy man's servants. Inasmuch as they having been reproved by him for their idleness and mispending their time, they were inflamed with fury against him, inasmuch as rushing upon him, they threw him to the ground, and most cruelly cut off his head. But in the place where the sacred head fell to the ground, a fountain of pure water presently flowed, by drinking of which, in following times, many were miraculously restored to health. But miracles greater than those immediately succeeded his death, for the body of the blessed martyr presently rose, and taking the head between his two arms, went down to the sea shore, and walking thence on the sea, passed over to the port called by his name; and being arrived in the place where a church is now built to his memory, it fell down and was there buried by St. David. His commemoration is on the three-and-twentieth of August.‡

The case of St. Ositha, called by William of Malmesbury Osgitha, is even less remarkable, because she had assistance of two angels at least, if not more.

Cressy's account of the matter is as follows:—

"As soon as her head was cut off, her body presently rose, and taking up the head in her hands, by the conduct of angels walked firmly the straight way to the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, about a quarter of a mile distant from the place of her suffering; and when it was come there, it knocked at the door with the bloody hands, as desiring that it might be opened, and therein left marks of blood. Having done this, it fell then to the ground."§

St. Clarus had also like assistance of angels, as Cressy¶ relates the story:—"Whose head being cut off, presently after arose, and with his hands taking up his head, by the assistance of angels, carried it to a fountain not far distant, into which he cast it: and then carried the same back to the oratory of his cell, and going on a little further to a village seated near the river Epta, he there consummated his course, and transmitted his blessed soul to heaven."

We do not quite approve of the rough way that St. Clarus treated his head on this occasion\*\* (though being his own, perhaps he had, in strictness, a right to do what he pleased with it), and we think the proceeding of St. Decumanus was more humane and decorous, of whom Cressy states†† "That when his head was cut off from his body, the trunk, raising itself up, took the head, which it carried from the place where he was slain to a spring not far off, which flowed with a most crystalline water, in which, with the hands it washed the blood away."

After all these equally well-authenticated stories, it seems scarcely worth while noticing what Cressy tells us of St. Juthcara, ‡‡ and we are almost afraid of wearying our readers with what may to many of them appear like so many reverberations or echoes of the same story

or at best the same tune with variations; but here it is.

"Immediately after this, the holy virgin with her own hands took up her head, being cut off, and to the astonishment of all (as we may easily imagine, if unbelievers, otherwise it was no great wonder after all), carried it back steadily to the church. And moreover, for a further proof of the holy virgin's sanctity, Almighty God caused a fountain to burst forth out of the place where the head fell, and over the fountain as miraculously a tree began to grow!"

That a tree should grow near a fountain seems to us somewhat less miraculous than that a beheaded saint should steadily carry her head afterwards! St. Cadocus's case is, however, more worthy of note; for the subject of it was an Irishman who was ill-treated by his Saxon fellow-workmen, which must (in Ireland, at least) naturally carry our belief in the certain tradition to a demonstrative height.

Capgrave relates it as follows:—

"There came a certain Irishman to the place where St. Cadocus was building his oratory, who surpassed (as of course was natural in an Irishman) all the workmen of the saint as a skilful artificer. The others, through envy, wickedly killed him, and having cut off his head and tied a large stone to the body, cast it into a deep pool. Cadocus, having heard the lamentations of the sons of the deceased, spent the night with his clergy in vigils and prayer, that the Lord would deign to reveal what was done. But when the morning came, the beheaded artificer, with his head in his bosom, and the great stone on his back, presented himself all bloody, with a horrid appearance, to the holy man, and the amputated head uttered the following words:—"O servant of God, fix me on my neck in the same state I was before, and I will tell you all about it." St. Cadocus having done so, he divulged to him the wickedness of the workmen, and how, led by envy, they had flagitiously murdered him. The saint then said, "Choose which you wish, either henceforward to live with us in this world, or return to eternal life, there to reign for ever with God." To which he replied, "Master, let my soul return to eternal rest;" and having said this, he expired.\*\*

While talking of workmen, we may as well tell our readers of another Irishman, whose history is recorded by Father Colgan, in his life of St. Ita, which may be found in his costly folio Latin volume, called *Acta Sanctorum*.†

A good workman, named Beoanus, undertook to build a house for St. Ita, who gave him in return some land, and her sister as a wife. It happened, in those troubled times, that poor Beoanus, in a war between two chieftains, took the field, and was killed, by having his head cut off. This displeased St. Ita very much, for she had promised Beoanus that he should have a son, whereas, his wife had up to that time been sterile. When she came where the truncated body of Beoanus lay, and could not find his head, she prayed that he would show her the head, and the head, by Divine power, flew through the air, and stood where the body was before the Saint, and the Lord, at the instance of his servant, caused the head to adhere to the body, as strongly as if it had never been cut off, and only the scar of a wound remained. In about an hour afterwards he rose up alive and well, and saluted St. Ita, and gave thanks to God; after which Beoanus, according to St. Ita's promise, had a son by his sterile wife, who was called Pulcherius,† and became the most holy abbot of Lismore, in the King's County.

St. Denis's story is well known, and, perhaps, will appear after this time, but as it is related in the Breviary, (Pars Autumnalis, p. 388, 9 Oct. Lectio vi.), and perhaps is the longest walk of a dead man on record, we shall give it in the very words of the Breviary itself—"He took up his head after it was cut off, and carried it in his hands for two thousand paces."

Have any of our Roman Catholic readers courage to ask their parish priest, whether this is not in his Breviary, and whether, he believes it to be true? Our copy of the Breviary, is the Breviary Romanum, printed by Richard Coyne, Dublin, 1845.‡

Our next instance shall be in honour of our Lady of Loretto, taken from the history of Loretto by the learned Jesuit Tursellinus, and, in a somewhat abbreviated form, is as follows:—

"A Sicilian girl, of better form than fame, had at Venice for many years earned a disgraceful livelihood as a courtesan. Having made her fortune, she was seized

with a longing for home, and determined to return there. When she had arrived at the wood of Ravenna, she was attacked by her own servant, who desperately wounded her in many places, and finally cut her throat. She, swimming in her blood, and just about to expire, commended herself to the Blessed Virgin, who immediately appeared in a white robe, shining with celestial light, took her in her lap, and with a touch healed her wounds, admonished her to lead a chaste life, and then vanished from her sight. The woman, as if awaking from sleep, saw the scars of her recent wounds already drawn together, and feeling with her hand, found the wound in her throat already completely healed. When she came to Ancona, to prove what had happened, she showed the recent scars of the deadly wound in her throat, and there was added a manifest and divine proof of so great a miracle, for around her neck there was a golden circle, like a necklace, so that one might easily know that it was the divine hand of the blessed Mary that had touched and healed the wound.\*

Of all the acts of kindness, however, of which we have read, we think the following decidedly the most remarkable, as recorded by Capgrave in his life of St. Melorus. St. Melorus was a young prince of Cornwall, of seven years old, and was murdered by one Cerialtanus, instigated thereto by Rinaldus, a tyrannous uncle of the saint, who had usurped the dukedom, and was afraid that if the boy came to man's estate he would deprive him of the principality.

Cerialtanus, it appears, while carrying the head (which he had cut off) to Rinaldus, was so much heated by running that he was almost fainting with thirst, and cried out "Oh miserable man that I am, and worthy of all punishment and torture, what shall I do to avoid dying of thirst?" This he repeated very often, when the head of the boy thus addressed him:—"Cerialtanus, thrust the staff which you carry in your hand into the ground, and you will see a fountain suddenly arise from the earth, by drinking plentifully of which you will escape your imminent danger from thirst."—And when he had fixed his staff into the ground, it immediately struck its roots into the earth and became a most beautiful tree, and produced branches and leaves, and from its roots a never failing fountain began to flow, and Cerialtanus having refreshed himself with drinking of it, brought the head to Rinaldus, who received it with great joy.†

Not to weary our readers, we shall only mention one case more; it is that of St. Kentigern, which perhaps goes as low, or as high, in the scale of saintly miracles as any we have met with in the course of our researches.

St. Kentigern (who it will be remembered, from the above history of St. Wenefride, was cousin-german to St. Beuno), indeed seems to have treated such feats as mere child's play; for when one of his schoolfellows had pulled off a robin redbreast's‡ head, he took the head and put it to the body, and by his prayers and the sign of the cross, raised the bird to life again, as not only Capgrave but Bollandus¶ relates the story. Whether there remained a ring round the bird's neck afterwards, however, does not appear, or, if so, what colour it was.

Here, then, we have no less than seventeen stories (including this instructive case of the robin redbreast) in which decapitation either wholly failed in destroying life, or at least effected only a qualified or temporary separation between the head and shoulders; and all of the cases authenticated by the same uninterrupted tradition for 1000 years at least, which, according to the historian of St. Wenefride, is "a clearer attestation of fact, than if they had been recorded in written history!"

\* Circa collum electrix aurea monilis in modum utrebat, ut facile divina B. Marie manu placam illam tactam, sanataque sentires. Horatii Tursellini Romani E. Soc. Jesu. Laureatæ Histor. M. Mogun. iæ 1600, p. 229, 31. 3. lib. ch. 28.

† Cumque hæc multoties replicaret; caput pueri in verba humana prorumpens tali voce cum affatur. Cerialtanus, baculum manu gestas in terra impiger fixe, et fontem aque subito de terra oriri videris ex quo copiosus refectus imminuitis sitis periculum evades. Cum autem baculum in terram fixisset in pulcherrimum arborum versus radicitus terræ adhesit, ramos et folia præ duxit, et de radice ejus fons indeficiens emanare cepit, et Cerialtanus potu recreatus caput ad Rinaldum detulit. Qui cum gaudio magno illud recipiens dixit, &c., &c.—Pol. 429. 2.

‡ Quendam aviculam ob ruborem corporis nili rubicane vocatam. ¶ The cement used by the saints on such occasions (which, unfortunately for our brave warriors in the East, appears to have been lost in modern times) seems, it will be remarked, to have been of various colours: St. Wenefride's was white, the Sicilian courtesan's golden, but St. Edmund's red, as we collect from Capgrave:—

"Cum autem postea corpus hujus sanctissimi Edmundi martyris transferri deberet, inviolatum repertum est et inecorruptum, ac caput corpori reintegratum nihilque omnino vulneris nihil apparuit cicatricis. Tantum eum in ejus collo ad signum martiris rubet unguinisissima ruga in modum filii coeclis, sicut testari erat solita quædam devota femina Oswenna—fol. cvii, cviii.

But when, at a subsequent time, the body of this most holy martyr, Edmund, was about to be translated, it was found inviolate and uncorrupt, and the head rejoined to the body. No appearance of a wound or a cicatrix appeared. Only on his neck, as a token of his martyrdom, appeared a very slender red seam, like a crimson thread, as the devout Oswenna was accustomed to testify."

That the cement answered as well for sinners as saints, appears from the case of Wallen, Earl of Northumberland, who was beheaded for rebellion against William the Conqueror, and six years after his death was found with his head fastened to his body, and only a bloody list about his neck, where it was cut off.

§ Capgrave, fol. cviii, i. Bollandus, Acta Sanctorum. Tom 1<sup>o</sup> p. 816. Antwerp, 1813. Jan. Vita Kentigerni Episc. Glascom, c. 2, n. 7.

We may as well state for the information of our unlearned readers, that the *Acta Sanctorum* of Bollandus and his followers consist of more than 50 folio volumes in Latin, and are not yet complete. The last volume we have seen was that printed at Brussels so lately as the year 1853. Whether such costly and elaborate volumes were designed for the credulous vulgar, or for the learned and intelligent classes, our readers will judge.

\* In this the learned Benedictine was in error, for St. Paernus's decapitated servant did just the same thing, as we have already shown.

† Cressy's Church History of England under Saxon Monarchs—Book xvii, ch. 27, p. 736.

‡ "Cumque in sylva densissima caput sanctissimum instrando pergeret et alternatim (ut romis est) inter se clamarent, ubi es: ecce mirabile auditu caput martyris patria lingua respondens, dicens, 'Heer, heer, heer,' quod est interpretandum hic, hic, hic; nec unquam caput repetendo clamare destitit quousque omnes ad se perduxit."—Capgrave, fol. cvii, 2, cviii.

§ Cressy—Book xi, c. 8, s. 5, p. 223.

¶ Cressy—Book 17, c. 15, n. 5, p. 424.

‡ Book 17, ch. 3, n. 7, p. 411.

\*\* It is, perhaps, fair to St. Clarus to state that Capgrave, in his Life of that Saint, says nothing of throwing his head into the fountain, but merely that he carried it to his cell, and got it decent burial. "Qui caput proprium in manibus suis accipiens a loco in quo decollatus fuerat usque ad eum cenobium deportavit: ubi cum honore sepeliri meruit"—Fol. lix, 2.

†† Book 21, ch. 3, n. 6, p. 526.

‡‡ Lib. 23, ch. 9, n. 8, p. 595.

† Vol. 1, p. 68, 15th January. Lonsvaln, 1645.

‡ Whose life Colgan and the Bollandists published at 18th March.

§ "Dequo illud in memoriam proditum est, abscissum suum caput antulisse et progressum ad duo milia passuum in manibus gestasse."—Para Autumnalis, Oct. 9, lectio vi, p. 388.



We have no doubt that if we had had time to dive more deeply into the pages of Father Cressy, Father Colgan, William of Malmesbury, Johannes Capgrave, and the Acta Sanctorum, we might have added greatly to the list; but of those we have given—if there can be any choice among such edifying histories—we venture to state that the most satisfactory of all were the cases of St. Wenefride, the Venetian courtesan, St. Ita's workman Beanus, St. Paternus's servant, and the robin red-breast, as they were fully restored to life, which poor St. Edmund and the rest were not. We think the cases of St. Edmund and Count Wallen were altogether unsatisfactory ones, as, after the cementing process was gone through, the beheaded bodies unfortunately remained as dead as before. The cases of St. Denis, St. Decimanus, and the rest, who merely carried their heads to their places of burial, with or without the assistance of angels, we confess we never liked much, and have always wondered what the angels were about in not carrying the miracle a little further, unless, indeed, Angels have less supernatural power than Saints, and are only able to lead dead men, and not to cure them!

Will our readers allow us to ask one serious question before, in sober sadness, we close this article. If they do not believe in these traditions (as we are sure a great many intelligent Roman Catholics do not), but think them merely anile fables, unworthy of a moment's serious thought, what do they think of a Church which permits and encourages the circulation of such palpable falsehoods, and even records some of them in her authorised prayer book, the Breviary, which every Roman Catholic priest is compelled to read daily; while it discourages, if it does not prohibit, the reading of the inspired records of unerring truth?

#### RELIGIOUS TOLERATION AT ROME.

By the kindness of a friend, we have been provided with a copy of the "Theses on Religion of P. F. Joseph Palermo, of the Order of Eremites of St. Augustine," printed and published at Rome, A.D. 1823, in order to a public discussion.

We do not know whether any account of the discussion was published. We fear not; but if any of our friends could tell us anything about it, we should be grateful to them.

In the meantime, we publish some extracts from the "Theses." We shall then consider briefly what degree of importance is to be attached to the publication of such a work at Rome, so late as the year 1823.

We take Joseph Palermo's notions of "Religious Toleration" as a specimen of the doctrines which he published at Rome, and undertook publicly to defend.

In page 17, after some discussion about religious toleration, he lays down this conclusion, "Let it fall headlong into hell, from whence it broke forth, with its snake-haired forehead, that most impious and most insane religious toleration!"

Joseph Palermo then goes on to show the application and the grounds of his doctrine about religious toleration, as follows:—

"Therefore, let the public exercise of religions opposed to the Catholic (he means the Roman) be forbidden by Catholic Princes, UNLESS CHRISTIAN PRUDENCE HINDER IT; for, indeed, each ought to do to others what he ought REASONABLY to wish to be done to himself by others; but princes, if they were subjects, ought to wish that princes, by every better method which Christian prudence would teach them, would employ themselves to drive away every cause of their eternal misery, if it were only a probable cause of it; therefore, the princes themselves are bound to fulfil this for their subjects."

This appears to us a good instance of the power of argument which some Roman Catholics possess. Our Saviour says, "All things, therefore, whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them" (Matthew vii., 12.). "There, you see! (says Joseph Palermo) princes ought to punish every one who differs from them, for worshipping God according to his own conscience!"

We ask our Roman Catholic readers to consider what they would think of this argument, if the Protestant government of England were to act towards them on the reasoning of Joseph Palermo?

But "heretics" are unreasonable beasts: they ought to be persecuted, and they *would* wish it!

But Joseph Palermo proceeds, a little farther on—"Wherefore, unless that condition exist (Christian prudence hindering it), it is very gravely unlawful to tolerate the public exercise of the religion of the Mahomedans, Jews, Calvinists, Lutherans, and of all others opposed to ours, especially of Atheists."

\* Ruat igitur ad orbem, unde angustissima fronte erupit, implissima, et insanissima religiosa tolerantia.

† Stricto iudicio a Catholicis principibus vetetur publicum religionum Catholicæ oppositarum exercitium, nisi obstat Christiana prudentia; enim vero unusquisque debet aliis facere, quod rationabiliter debet velle sibi ab aliis fieri: atqui Principes, si forent subditi, deberent velle, ut Principes omni meliori modo, quem ipsos doceret Christiana prudentia, satagerent ab ipsis arcere quancunque etiam tantummodo probabiliem causam suis internæ infelicitatis; ergo et ipsi pro suis subditis hoc implere tenentur." Page 17.

‡ Quare, nisi adistat conditio, graviter illicitum est tollerare publicum exercitium religionis Mahomedanorum, Hebræorum, Calvinistarum, Lutheranorum, cæterarumque omnium nostræ adversantium, præsertim Atheistarum. Page 17.

We never before heard of ATHEISTS having public worship: we suppose they are put into the list of "public worshippers" only to try to throw disgrace on "all others opposed to ours"—that is, on Christian churches not subject to Rome.

What a glorious day it would be for the Church of Rome, if she could effectually prohibit every man throughout the whole world to worship God except as the Pope may now please—or as he may hereafter please, according to doctrines not yet promulgated or invented!

But what is the meaning of "that condition," i.e. "unless Christian prudence hinder it?"

The Waldenses were exterminated in the 13th century. The Protestants were massacred in France on St. Bartholomew's Day. In England, in Queen Mary's reign, all who dared to worship God according to their conscience were burnt alive. Three or four years ago, the present Pope entered into a "concordat" with Spain (now happily set aside by Espartero), that any Spaniard who worshipped God otherwise than as a Romanist should be consigned to a dungeon.

"Christian prudence" forbade none of these things; because the sufferers were weak, and the power of arms was against them. But at the present day, Joseph Palermo would not enforce such laws in England, or France, or America, because the thing could not be done; and "Christian prudence" forbids the Church of Rome to attempt such things where she would certainly be beat; just as "Christian prudence" admonished the Russians to march out of Sebastopol when they could stay in it no longer.

But what if Joseph Palermo did print and publish these persecuting doctrines at Rome? Is the Church of Rome answerable for that? So Roman Catholics in this country may ask, and they are entitled to an answer.

We reply, that at Rome no person is allowed to print any book until he first gets the sanction and authority of the Church of Rome for doing so. This is a law of the Church of Rome, made by a Pope and General Council, in the year 1515.

"We appoint and ordain that for all future times no one shall print, or cause to be printed, in our city (Rome) any book or other writing, of whatever kind, unless they be first diligently examined in this city by our Vicar and Master of the Sacred Palace, and APPROVED by subscription of their own hand."

This law was made by Pope Leo X., in the Fifth General Council of Lateran, A.D. 1515.

This law is still in force at Rome, and under this law Joseph Palermo's book, which undertakes to defend these outrageous notions about religious toleration, was actually approved for publication. For thus we find it printed at the end of the book:

IMPRIMATUR

Si vid. Rev. Patri Mag. Sac. Pal. Apost. J. Della Porta Patriarcha Constantinopol. Pro-Vic.

IMPRIMATUR

F. Philippus Anfossi. Sac. Pal. Ap. Mag.

Thus, this book of Joseph Palermo's was formally sanctioned at Rome, in the year 1823, by the two officials—the Pope's Vicar, and the Master of the Sacred Palace—who were specially appointed by the Pope and a General Council to examine and approve of books before they can be printed.

It certainly appears that the teaching and defending of such doctrines as Joseph Palermo's does not meet any discouragement at Rome; and it is fortunate that the Joseph Palermos of the Church of Rome have the "Christian prudence" not to attempt putting their doctrines in practice where people are able to resist them.

Since the above was written, we have found reason to think that Joseph Palermo's doctrine about religious toleration has found great encouragement at Rome.

We find in the *Tablet* of August 25, p. 532, the following announcement:—"The most Rev. Father Paul Micallef, a native of Malta, has been appointed by the Pope General of the Order of St. Augustine. He succeeds the late General, the most Rev. Father JOSEPH PALERMO, who has resigned, by reason of his promotion to the Episcopacy and office of Sacristan and Confessor in Ordinary to his Holiness."

We suppose this is the Joseph Palermo who wrote the Theses on religious toleration. His opinions, it seems, are not an obstacle, but rather a recommendation for promotion. The fact of his being made Confessor to the Pope, and director of the Pope's conscience, is a significant circumstance, in the present state of Spain, Sardinia, &c., and of Rome itself.

If Joseph Palermo had written a book in favour of "religious toleration," and had undertaken to prove that princes ought not to persecute any man for worshipping God according to his own conscience, would he have got leave to publish his book at Rome, and would he have been made CONFESSOR TO THE POPE?

\* Statimque et ordinamus quod de cetero perpetuis futuris temporibus nullus librum aliquem seu aliam quancunque scripturam in urbe nostra . . . imprimere seu imprimi facere præsumat, nisi prius in urbe per Vicarium nostrum at Sacri Palatii magistrum . . . diligenter examinetur, et per eorum munus propria subscriptione approbentur. CONCIL LATERAN V., Sess. 10. LABRE & COES, vol. xiv., p. 257. The words omitted provide for the same being done with books printed in other places. On this subject, see CATHOLIC LAYMAN for October, 1853, p. 110, 11.

#### THE SUCCESSION OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF DUBLIN.

In our number for August, 1854, we published an article "On the Succession of the Irish Bishops."

In that article we quoted the following passage from the "Historia Catholica" of Philip O'Sullivan Bear:—"There are four archbishoprics in Ireland, and a great many bishoprics, and ALL of them, at this day, are possessed by the leaders of Heresy; and on account of that, Catholic Prelates ARE NOT APPOINTED to the Titles of them, EXCEPT ON RARE OCCASIONS."

This was published in 1621—EIGHTY-SIX years after the beginning of the Reformation in Ireland.

This evidence, from a Roman Catholic historian, is decisive against the common boast of Roman Catholic priests, that the Church of Rome has kept up an unbroken succession from the ancient Bishops of Ireland, in all the Irish Sees.

In our number for October, 1854, we published "The Succession of St. Patrick," showing an uninterrupted succession up to Lord John Beresford, the present Primate of Ireland.

We then called on "all Roman Catholic archbishops in Ireland (especially Dr. Dixon), on all Roman Catholic bishops, priests, and laymen, to send us a list of Roman Catholic archbishops (of Armagh) in succession from Primate Cromer, with the dates of the vacancies and appointments, and the proofs of each."

We did not expect that such a list would be sent to us, because we knew well that no list can be given of a Roman Catholic succession at Armagh, which could stand examination for one moment.

A YEAR has now elapsed; and no Roman Catholic has ever ventured to send us such a list!

We now call on all Roman Catholics to mark this striking fact; and we ask them again, are they willing to let it thus appear to the world that they have no succession FROM ST. PATRICK?

Will any Roman Catholic now send us such a list?

We now proceed to give "the succession of the Archbishops of Dublin." We give this succession in a different form from that of Armagh. No Roman Catholic author that we know of, has published the Roman succession of Armagh; we therefore gave only the succession of the Irish Church in the See of Armagh, leaving it to Roman Catholics to furnish the Roman succession. But Mr. D'Alton, an Irish Roman Catholic barrister, and a learned Irish historian, has published a valuable history of the Archbishops of Dublin. At the end of this work (page 370, to the end), he has given the Roman archbishops of Dublin. Here, therefore, we are able to give the Roman succession, as stated by a learned Roman Catholic. We, therefore, give BOTH successions in the See of Dublin; and we ask our readers to consider which of them is really a succession. We give the succession of archbishops of the Irish Church, from Harris's edition of Ware's Irish Bishops, down to John Hoadley, who was archbishop of Dublin in the year 1739, when that work was published; and we complete the account from a list made from the Registers themselves. The succession is acknowledged on both sides down to John Allen, who was murdered by the Fitzgeralds in the year 1534. We therefore begin with his successor, George Browne, who was Provincial of Augustine Friars in England, and who, while he held that office, "advised the people to make their applications to Christ alone; for which doctrine he was much taken notice of." As archbishop of Dublin, he never acknowledged any subjection to the bishop of Rome, but exerted himself to the utmost to have all things ordered in the Irish Church according to the Word of God.

We take up the Roman succession where Mr. D'Alton enables us to do so.

THE SUCCESSION OF ARCHBISHOPS IN THE IRISH CHURCH.	THE ROMAN SUCCESSION.
George Browne, from 1535 to 1554.	No Roman archbishop, for twenty years.
Hugh Curwen, from 1555 to 1567.	Curwen in communion with Rome for three years only; 1555—1558.
Adam Loftus, from 1567 to 1605.	No Roman archbishop of Dublin from 1558 to A.D. 1611. Matthew de Oviedo was nominated by the Pope, in 1600, but was not consecrated.
Thomas Jones, from 1605 to 1619.	Eugene Matthews, from 1611 to 1623.
Lancelot Bulkeley, from 1619 to 1660.	Thomas Fleming, from 1623 to 1666.
James Margetson, from 1660 to 1663.	
Michael Boyle, from 1663 to 1678.	Peter Talbot, from 1669 to 1680.
John Parker, from 1678 to 1681.	
Francis Marsh, from 1681 to 1693.	Patrick Russell, from 1683 to 1692.
Narcissus March, from 1694 to 1702.	Peter Creagh, from 1693. Time of his death not known.
William King, from 1702 to 1729.	Edmund Byrne, from 1707. Time of his death not known.
	Edward Murphy, from 1724 to

\* Historia Catholica, p. 297. Dublin, 1850. Edited by the Rev. Matthew Kelly, Professor of the College of Maynooth.